

# THE EMPRESS EXPRESS

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## United Church

Services for Sunday, July 14  
Sunday School, 10:30 a.m.  
Church Service, 11:30 a.m.

Bindloss 2:00 p.m.  
Social Pictos 4:00 p.m.  
Leland Hall 7:00 p.m.

Rev. A. T. Bell, Pastor

## Domination Election Date May Be Earlier Than Expected

Ottawa, July 15.—In political circles over the week-end a belief took form that the election would come earlier than expected. Instead of fixing the election day late in September, it is now believed that the government will choose either August 20 or September 3. The choice, it is understood, will depend on the progress made in printing the revised voters' list.

Political headquarters at Ottawa have notified the provincial officers of the change, and it is believed election activity will be speeded up.

The campaigns of the leaders will not begin until the first or second week in August, so that the tours may be the briefest on record. Mr. King will probably launch his campaign at Kingston, Aug. 3 or 7, and Mr. Bennett will take to the hustings about the same time.

Mr. Stevens and Mr. Woods, worth-arguably campaigning. The former is completing his organization. Stevens campaign managers for the western pro-

## Bindloss News

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Cameron, on left on Sunday morning for Winnipeg and other points in Manitoba.

Miss Ruth Olson of Saskatoon, is visiting her friend Miss Marjorie Watson.

Mrs. J. C. Falconer is visiting friends at Camrose.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Rogowski and family left on Monday on a holiday trip to Manitoba.

Mrs. A. Donovan is visiting parents, Mr. and Mrs. Pesecek, at Moundham.

Mrs. N. Davies and children are visiting the formers parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Jackson at Estuary.

On July 10, four Girls Softball teams met at Cavendish. Three games were played, Buffalo being the winners of the day. The teams taking parts were Social Plains, Bindloss, Buffalo and Cavendish. A dance was held in the Cavendish Hall in the evening.

Presence of mind on the part of George McDonald and Starks Chudleigh prevented a drowning fatality at the local swimming pool in the river last Saturday, while bathing. Mary Louise Sparran, stepped into a deep hole and sank out of sight. The boys from the bank, seeing her in difficulty, dived in and saved her.

Visions will likely be announced either late this afternoon or Tuesday morning.

## Empress Sports Day

The Empress Sports Day held on Wednesday, July 17, drew good competition in the base ball event, there being eight entries, these included two Empress teams and Buffalo, Leland, Mantario, Burstall, Moundham and Sheerness. The final game between Sheerness and Moundham was called before completion and the prize money split.

The Acadia Valley ladies' softball team won from the Empress softball team. Children's races were managed by Mr. Freed. A boy's bicycle race resulted as follows: R. Miller, 1; W. Pool, 2; F. Stonely, 3.

The executive host of the previous few days had an adverse effect on the attendance, which was smaller than previous years. A rainstorm later in the day sent many people scuttling home.

Ira Atkinson, Hiida, Social Credit nominee for candidate; K. A. Pollock, Hiida, liberal candidate and J. J. Milbringer, liberal member for Maple Creek, were among those in attendance from outside points.

## Alberta Crop Report

The crop situation in Alberta as it now stands presents the most varied conditions in many years. Over the larger proportion of the cultivated area of the province, condition of the growing crops may still be described as satisfactory, and in some parts exceptionally good but due to continued dry weather in parts of the south, and the other extreme, continued heavy rains in the northern districts, the degree of excellence for the general provincial outlook has been considerably reduced, and the prospects for a very large grain harvest is less promising.

Wheat is in the shot blade, and heading out in most districts at varying heights. The sections suffering most from dry conditions include the territory from Lethbridge south-west to Cardston, west to Pincher, north and north-west to Vulcan and Lomond, and beyond, as well as the territory along the eastern border of the province from north of Medicine Hat through Empress to the Goose Lake line. In these districts damage from drought already done varies from 10 to 25 per cent, but substantial general rains now would bring recovery of the balance of the crop almost to normal. During the past week-end scattered showers visited some of the districts affected, giving some relief, but a general downpour is the need. The fact that cool, cloudy weather has prevailed on occasions through these districts has prevented more serious damage from drought.

Along the C.P.R. line, north from Claresholm to Calgary, and east to Vulcan and Brooks on the main line, and the entire central portion of the province north to Edmonton, and to the northern line of the G.N.R. and west to the Goose Lake line at Hanna and beyond, the conditions generally speaking, are very promising, particularly in the more western sections. Rainfall throughout this entire territory has been quite satisfactory, and while not so heavy towards the eastern sections, has been sufficient to provide good healthy growth to the grains thus far.

In the districts north and north west from Edmonton

## Set Election Date for Alberta Election

Edmonton, July 16.—Alberta provincial election will be held on Thursday, Aug. 22, it was announced today by Hon. George Hoadley, acting premier. Nomination day will be Aug. 12.

## Broomhall's Idea of Minimum Price

A despatch from the United Kingdom contains a suggestion from George Broomhall, British international grain authority, that the minimum price for wheat should be fixed by the Canadian Wheat Board when appointed at 55c a bushel. The price, of course, would be at the terminal at Fort William. Port Arthur and would yield an average price to the Western coast grower of around 40c a bushel.

Wheat growers throughout the western provinces are looking forward to the announcement of the minimum price with considerable apprehension. A hope is expressed that something considerably better than 40c a bushel will be obtained for No. 1 wheat by the growers during the coming year.

It is reported over radio, that final selection of Social Credit candidates will be made on Monday by the central advisory committee.

ton, and throughout the Peace River Grande Prairie districts, the rains have been so continuous as to seriously retard the growth of the crops, and warm, dry weather is the immediate need if normal growth is to be obtained. In some localities where flood conditions have prevailed, fields of grain are practically inundated. Coarse grains have suffered from a late start and retarded growth to such an extent in the north central and northern areas that much of them will undoubtedly be found this far in feed stacks, and the present outlook is for a substantially greater supply of feed than in previous years.

Hail storms have done slight damage in a number of districts in the central and southern areas. Cutworms and wireworms have been active in some of the drier areas, where poisoning operations have been proceeding steadily. The damage from this source, however, has been generally small compared with the past few years.

## Herbert C. Boyd to Speak Here Sat., July 27

Arrangements have been made to have Herbert C. Boyd, speak here on Saturday evening, July 27. Mr. Boyd appeared before the Prov. Agric. Committee as Social Credit League delegate at the time of the hearing given to Major Douglas in this regard. A large attendance is expected.

## Edmonton's Population

The city of Edmonton now has a population of 81,629, according to figures released by the city assessor. The figures for 1931 were 79,773.

## Decreased Unemployment

Gracious improvement in the unemployment situation in Alberta is seen in the steady decrease in total jobless as registered with the provincial employment service. For the week ending July 6, total of men and women without employment was 8,721 as against 8,852 for the previous week. Totals were: Men, Edmonton, 3,740 week ending July 6; 3,801 week ending June 29; Calgary, 3,108 and 3,243.

The United Church, by holding its services in the morning, for the summer, is giving us all an opportunity to attend church at the coolest part of the day. There is usually special music, and next Sunday Mr. Bell will speak on "The Secret of Great Living."

## St. Mary's Anglican Church

Sunday, July 28:  
Cavendish: Holy Communion, 11:00 a.m.  
Acadia Val.: Evensong, 2:00 p.m.  
Ainslie: Evensong, 4:30 p.m.  
Empress: Evensong, 7:30 p.m.  
Rev. J. S. Parks, Vicar.

## Floods Penalize New Zealand For Cutting Forests

Auckland, N.Z.—Like other countries, New Zealand is paying the penalty, in damaging floods and the silting up of rivers, of thoughtless destruction of her forests, and in the summer just passed the lesson of this folly has been taught afresh.

In the North Auckland peninsula there were no fewer than six floods, and much damage was done. Not only were bridges swept away, but the contour of the seashore was changed in places in Ruksuki and the west coast of the South Island there were also serious floods. It is significant that all these areas were heavily forested before European settlement spread.

## Haste Means Waste

New Zealand is a long ridge in the Southern Pacific, and most of the ridge is hilly or mountainous. Forest trees grow on plain and steep hillsides. Decade after decade, settlement meant was pushed into the forested "hill" country, and trees were felled to make way for (cont. on back page)

## BE UP TO DATE Ride on Canada's MOST FAMOUS TIRE

Goodyear's G-3 tire—built for modern driving conditions—has brought more safety, more mileage, more saving to Canadian motorists. Prices are no higher than for standard tires; for example:

Standard (4-ply) G-3's cost:

Size 4.50 x 21 10.00 Size 4.75 x 19 12.25 Size 5.00 x 20 13.50  
Size 4.50 x 21 11.00 Size 5.00 x 19 13.25 Size 5.25 x 18 14.75

Other sizes equally low-priced



Come in—try our modern service  
STOREY'S GARAGE

Phone 17 Empress, Alta.

## Summer Vacations

Get the full enjoyment of the season by using our sun-bath lotions and other toilet and cosmetic necessities. We are pleased to give you every help and advice. Take your Kodak. Photographic Supplies, Developing. Let us know your wants. We are at your service.

EMPRESS DRUG CO., Ltd.

We are agents for leading nurseries. Cut Flowers ordered on shortest possible notice.

## Alberta Wheat Pool's

Policies and Actions are governed, first, last and always by a desire to improve the lot of the wheat growers of this province

## In Return

the organisation seeks support in the way of patronage of its elevators

## JOB PRINTING

Visiting Cards, Business Cards  
Letterheads, Statements, Envelopes, Posters, Auction Sale Posters and Commercial Printing.

Give your next order to the local printers.

THE EMPRESS EXPRESS











**QUAKER CORN FLAKES**  
are the ONLY corn flakes wax-wrapped and triple-sealed for fresh, crunchy CRISPNESS.

**QUAKER CORN FLAKES**  
Save the Coupons

**MISS ALADDIN**

—By—  
Christine Whitting Parmenter  
Author of  
"One Wide River To Cross"  
"The Unknown Port," Etc.

## SYNOPSIS

Nancy Nelson is a sub-bred, a gay, irresponsible girl of nineteen. If—treated Nancy, truly impressive. "I—treat Nancy, I'm going to love her!" Cousin Columbine smiled.

"It's our best, and I'm glad to see that you appreciate it. Jack will be next to you with only a door between. I sleep downstairs; and as I stated in my letter, Aurora goes home at night. Victor Tubbs is an invalid, or thinks he is, which amounts to the same thing, and his wife has supported him for years; a state of affairs that disturbs them both, though it makes me furious. However, it's none of my business; and if Aurora wants to go, she goes. I disagree to the home for such a lazy specimen, my worry, as Mark Adam would say. Now I'll leave you in peace. No doubt you'll have your pack alone though Aurora was itching to see your wardrobe, and if she had, not so much as a safety pin would have escaped her eyes, and the account would have been spread from one end of Pine Ridge to the other before she slept tonight."

The old lady moved toward the door, then stopped to add: "If you need a lamp, the matches are at the tin box on the wall. Supper's at six sharp, so Aurora can get ready to feed her precious Victor. There's water in the pitcher; but you may wash in the bathroom if you prefer."

She was gone at last, leaving Nancy rather breathless with intru-

## CHAPTER VII.—Continued

"It's gorgeous, isn't it?" breathed Aurora, truly impressed. "I—treat Nancy, I'm going to love her!" Cousin Columbine smiled.

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tions. Jack had departed to his own quarters, and the girl stood quite still, looking about curiously. She had meant the view, of course, when she told Cousin Columbine that she loved the room. Now, sitting down suddenly on a straight, uncomfortable "bedroom chair," she wondered how it was possible to get so many ugly things into one place.

The bed! Towering black walnut, ornately carved. It was cold comfort to remember that her grandfather had had one almost as hideous at Edgemere. A bureau to match, even a washstand, behind which hung a square of linen to protect the wall paper. Hadn't she heard somewhere that they were called "splashes" in the dark ages when people used such things?

Nancy arose to regain this curious antique on which, embrodered in red cotton, was an infant splashing back in a wash bowl, with the words: "Our Darling," below it. Horrors! Must she live with that monstrous baby for months and months? Must she wash in that bowl—even brush her teeth into it? The girl could have wept for her mother's tiled dressing room; then remember that up that letter at the window. She turned slowly to observe a marble-topped table between the windows—a patent rocking chair—covered with a patterned cloth—above the air-light stove on which stood two blue vases and what appeared to be a mound of mineral specimens mysteriously piled together, with a clock in the centre, a silent timepiece now, probably useless as an "ornament."

Great! The eyes lifted to the wall paper, a nondescript, faded tan, which she decided, "might be worse." But the pictures (only two, thank goodness) were simply terrible—an oil painting of a deformed looking kitten playing with a ball of yarn, and a steel engraving of General Grant's head anything be more depressing.

As if to get away from all these objects, Nancy moved toward a window. She looked out for the long weeks ahead. Night was descending, and even the Peak, rising now against a gloomy sky, looked austere and forbidding. All the excitement of their arrival—the elation she had felt during the wonderful ride in Mark Adams' river—her interest in this new part of her own country, even the girl's sense of humor, were lost in an attack of overwhelming homesickness.

Aunt Louise had been right, she told herself. They shouldn't have come so far away.

"What would the girls at home think if they could see that washstand? And the pin-cushion? Why it was bigger than a house!" Cousin Columbine said. "And what in the world was she going to do with herself when the duties that Cousin Columbine thought were so big?" There would be nothing—absolutely no way to kill time. This thought, to pleasure-loving Nancy Nelson was appalling—not to be endured, but to be avoided. Her unhappiness, eyes, resting on Pike's Peak, saw only a closet filled with dancing frocks, and a wicker chair where she kept the tears out of her eyes as she would said.

"I've decided tonight and tell Dad everything. Didn't he say that homesickness might as well be fatal? He'll understand. He'll send for me if he has to borrow money for the ticket. Jack will call me a slacker, but who cares? I just can't stand it here. I'd almost rather die than stay. What can there possibly be to interest a girl like me in a dreary, ramshackle, down-at-the-heels retirement like Pine Ridge, Colorado?"

Later Nancy was to realize that as she stood there, oblivious to everything save self-pity, she hadn't known what sort of girl she was.

## CHAPTER VIII.

"There's nothing," observed Jack from the door of his north-east bedroom, "like good, thick, sirloin steak to bolster up a morale that's slipping. Remember that, sis."

It was eleven at night, and Nancy, attired in a wadded dressing gown of crimson silk, turned from the bureau to look at the clock. "What time those morose you have in mind?"

"Her brother might as well have investigated the patent rocking chair."

"No more, Nancy. I know when I found you staring out of the window in the dusk, that you were planning your escape. That's why I closed the door into that fright hall. The aroma of broiling steak was in the air and I felt sure it would revive that fainting spirit—stiffen the backbone—air your pioneer blood."

"Hush up," warned Nancy. "Our voices will disturb Cousin Columbine. She's admitted sitting up to an unheard of hour. Say!" the girl

came nearer, whispering: "Did you ever see anything more—more soul destroying than this room?"

Jack grinned, gesturing with a thumb toward his own quarters. "See for yourself. It's not much to view, my dear; and it lacks this handsome walnut furniture." The boy's eyes shone with merriment; and though she would have believed such a proceeding possible a few hours earlier, Nancy laughed a little. She didn't realize that after a leave of absence her sense of humor was returning, but she knew that something made her feel better.

"It was a wonderful supper, wasn't it?" she murmured.

"Trust you to appreciate it! And what else! I wish Aunt Lou could come."

"It came from Denver in 18—well, eighteen—something—or other, anyway. There's a complete dinner. I imagine choosing that sort of green-brown pattern! And Cousin Columbine so proud of it, too. How on earth does she remember the date that everything was purchased?"

Jack shook his head, remarking in muffled tones: "She's a woman, isn't she? Who else would have thought of cooking up that just as she was what did she call it? Character test? You've got an awful lot to live up to, sis. If you ask me. Hop along, and I'll open up the door. And don't forget that breakfast's at seven sharp."

Sleep did not come quickly to the girl that night. She lay there under a patchwork quilt (whose weight, she wrote Aunt Judy later, was "almost crushing"), and thought about the evening that had just passed. There must be some truth in Jack's statement regarding the airloft steak. Where else could acquire the new her cheerful frame of mind? For Nancy had been ravenous despite that slice of chocolate cake—the green that had just passed in the centre of the table that was homely enough to ruin almost any appetite.

There was also the window that Aurora could cook a steak; and with unexpected tact, Jack had done most of the talking, leaving his sister free to do her hand after what she now called her "brain storm."

And when Aurora had gone, Jack carried that awful lamp into the dining room and Cousin Columbine remarked casually, though her eyes twinkled: "I suppose your thinking is so outrageous, you must be down, my dears, while I confess."

This confession with its illuminating detours into the past, had kept Aurora from thinking of anything after her customary bedtime.

"I'm going back to the beginning," she explained, "so you'll understand if they were why I posed as a tottering old relic. Too frail to stay alone at night. The truth is, there's nothing to be afraid of. Even if they were, I wouldn't turn a hair. To one who can remember the Indian troubles of 1868, and as a child has heard of hours of tales of host's savages, well, you can readily see why an ordinary prowler would be tame in comparison."

She looked up, smiling; while Jack, eyes popping out of his head, exclaimed: "You really lived through things like that?"

"Why not?" asked the old lady calmly. "This was nothing but wilderness when I was born. As you've heard told, my first home was a covered wagon which, naturally, I don't remember. I do remember a house with a dirt floor and a stone fireplace in one corner, however, and I'd recall the furniture made from poles and rough-hewn lumber. It was so different from what I saw here, and because so one else nearly had anything better."

"But wasn't it frightfully cold?" said Nancy. "A dirt floor, I mean?"

"I don't think it must have been at all; but Mother took care that I shouldn't suffer, of course. I can remember being tucked up in the bed with quilt all round me, watching the snow swirl against a tiny window, and loving it—I was so warm and cozy. It was my mother who suffered. Men can stand hardships better than women; and even in those days Father seemed always to be well, my dears, to express it as you would, he seemed to be having the time of his young life."

"Did that cabin stand where this house does now?" Jack questioned.

"Very nearly. It was a bleak spot then. Except for the big pine beside the house, Father planted every tree himself after he built the mansion."

"But why, when there was plenty of land to choose from, did you build back in the woods where it was sheltered?"

"Fear of two things," responded Cousin Columbine. "Fire, and the Indians. If the savages were to at-

## WAS CONSTIPATED FOR 30 YEARS

### Woman's Long Search for a Remedy

The trouble with most remedies for constipation, as this woman found, is that they give only temporary relief. It is not a cure, and it is not a corrective, she writes to tell us about it.

"For upwards of 30 years I was a victim of acute constipation. I tried practically everything that it was possible to try. I admitted I was a chronic case, and every new remedy I tried helped for a day or two—after that I was just as bad as ever. Three months ago I took my first taste of Kruschen Salts, and every morning since, and every morning so long as I live, my first duty upon rising is to take a box of Kruschen. I honestly feel a different person. My bowels act like a clock, and my friends remark how well I am looking. My only regret is that I didn't try Kruschen years ago."—(Mrs. A. M. Kruschen.)

Kruschen Salts is Nature's recipe for maintaining a condition of internal cleanliness. It is a natural laxative, stimulates your internal organs to smooth, regular action. Your system thus gets clear of those impurities which, allowed to accumulate, lower the whole tone of the system.

Jack up, we at least had a chance to see them approaching if we were in the open. And a forest fire's a terrible thing in the wilderness, Jack.

I recall when I was a tiny girl watching one at night with my courageous little mother. We were all alone, Father having gone to California. Great was my terror. Looking back on those times, I don't see how she endured his absences, even though there were other cabins not far away. That fire was a terrifying sight, my dears. It has been miles off, but looked almost enough to touch. The growth was very thick and tall just there, and the flames seemed to leap from tree to tree, and as they reached the top, they shot up into the air, far up, higher than you'd believe possible, before subsiding. I have never forgotten it."

"Not then. Not over to any great amount. It was Leadville sister who built this mansion. Poor Mother never saw it. She died in 1874, when I was fifteen. A wonderful woman, my dears. She had the pioneer spirit, and she was the first to stand up under the pioneer hardships. She was only thirty-five when she died to join my little brother who had died in infancy."

(To Be Continued)

## THE RHYMING OPTIMIST

—By Aline Michaelis—

### THE DREAMER SINGS

Give me a star in the tree tops  
And a willow tree by the water.  
Then you of the world can have your world.

With its splendor and pride and all  
Ever the star has charmed me  
As in deeps of space it has swung,  
And the whispering leaves have brought me peace.

With the little songs they have sung,  
Echoes have reached me faintly  
From the world which lies without,  
I have heard of its splendor and its pain.

Of its mazes of hate and doubt,  
Give me a star for promise  
And a willow tree to rest,  
Then you who love toil and bitter strife  
Can have my share of the quest!

Sound travels four times faster  
Through water than it does through air.

2106

## Historic Rock Blasted

### 30-Foot Lip Overhanging Gorge Slips Away

With flashes of flame and a rumbling that introduced a new note into the age-old symphony of the Niagara cataract, 2,000 tons of rock were hurled into the gorge at the foot of the falls at Niagara Falls, July 24, as two explosions shattered part of Table Rock, famed look-out point at the brink of the falls.

While the blasting crew estimated at 40,000 persons viewed the brief spectacle from United States and Canadian sides of the river, 1,000 tons were blown into the gorge. Scenic beauty and contour of the falls was unaffected.

Preparations for the blast have gone on for a month.

Eighty-five holes, each 35 feet deep, were drilled into the lip which had a length of 100 feet and a thickness of 15 feet. Into each were placed three sticks of dynamite and five pounds of black powder after the holes had been dried by compressed air.

The ledge, estimated by parks commission officials to contain more than 5,000 tons of rock, was blasted because a 30-foot lip overhanging the gorge—the spot which came to be called Horseshoe Point—had been visited by scores of honeymooners—was declared unsafe due to erosion.

## Great Aid To Buyers

### Newspaper Advertising Help People Who Purchase By Phone

Modern life is much different today than it was a decade ago. To-day, a great deal of buying is done over the telephone.

This, in turn, means that opportunities for newspaper advertising to the buyers are now almost completely centered in newspaper advertising.

The modern housewife knows what she wants, knows by brand name, and orders in that manner—because advertising has taught her how she should do it and it is profitable for her to do so.

Imagine ordering from an unknown grocer "some breakfast cereal," "some bacon," "some coffee," "some bread"—and so on, and in the olden days before advertising became the powerful force it is to-day!

## First Horseless Brigade

### May Decide Future Organization of British Army

The first horseless brigade in history has taken the field under its commander, Major-General H. M. Wilson, and has fought its first "engagement."

This experimental brigade may decide what the future organization of the British Army is to be.

The elimination of the horse and mule has brought about a collection of steel substitutes varying in utility and speed from the pedal bicycle and motorcycle to the high-powered automobile and truck.

General Wilson and his officers will study the problem of the efficiency of cars and trucks in the replacement of chargers and mule teams.

China's first all-Chinese golf tournament in Shanghai was won by J. M. Tang, aged 49.

## A FASCINATING FLAVOR

HEAVY WAXED PAPER  
ONLY APPLEFORDS OFFER YOU THE CONVENIENCE OF THIS EXCLUSIVE KNIFE EDGE THAT MAKES IT EASY TO TEAR OFF THE EXACT LENGTH REQUIRED.

HEAVY WAXED PAPER  
TEETH SPARKLING

HEAVY WAXED PAPER

HEAVY WAXED PAPER

HEAVY WAXED PAPER

HEAVY WAXED PAPER

Warehouses At Calgary, Edmonton, Regina and Winnipeg.

What's wrong with this Mustard, Mary? It's very poor stuff! Why John—

It ought to be getting a bargain—a big bag for 10c.

"It's no bargain at any price! I'll bet you would get more actual mustard in 10c worth of Keen's than you would out of any 10c substitute. The extra bulk is only four ground up hulls and colouring matter!"

"You're right! From this time on I'm going to stick to Keen's."

## KEEN'S D.S.F. MUSTARD

Made from seed sown especially in the West of England. The shells or hulls are removed, all the seeds are cleaned, and the full flavor is retained. In a word, it is the best.

Colman-Keen (Canada) Limited  
1000 Adelaide Street, Montreal, Que.

## Little Helps For This Week

The righteous shall be glad in the Lord and shall trust in him. Psalm 44:10.

The heart that trusts forever sings,  
A word of peace within its springs,  
Come good or ill,  
Whatever to-day, tomorrow brings.

He will weave no longer a spotted life of shreds and patches, but he will live with a divine unity. He will cease from what is base and frivolous in his life, and be content with all places and with any service he can render. He will calmly front the sorrow in the negligency of trust that carries God with it, and so hath already the whole future in his heart.—R. W. Emerson.

One who believes in God is not careful for the morrow but labors joyfully and with a great heart. He must work and watch, yet never be careful or anxious, but commit all to Him and live in serene tranquility; with a quiet heart as one who sleeps safely.—Martin Luther.

## Enters General Class

The breathless union is almost ready to make its appearance on the comic scene. Lloyd Shanksin, G.C.F.P., president of the United Brotherhood of Vegetarians, announced. Shanksin said the new union was so different from the present fearful species that it didn't even taste like an onion. It is odorless and stainless.

## Seen But Not Heard

Giraffes have not a single vocal cord in those long necks of theirs, which is the reason they are the good little giraffes and boys and are seen, but not heard. For giraffes hardly ever make a sound.

The spring flow of 23 rivers in White Russia is being studied to ascertain the power resources of Soviet Russia.



"That's NOT Mustard, dear!"

There's mustard in it, but for the most part it is flour and turmeric and mustard oils and colouring matter."

Auntie knows the difference between cheap stuff and the fine mustard grown in the Fen District of England, with all chaff and hulls eliminated, and ground D.S.F.—that means "double superior." The only way to get real mustard flavour and true economy is to insist on

**KEEN'S D.S.F. MUSTARD**

In original tins for as little as 10c.

Colman-Keen (Canada) Limited, Ltd.

1800 Amherst Street, Montreal, Que.

**MISS ALADDIN**

—By—

Christine Whiting Farmer

Author of

"One Wide River To Cross"

"The Unknown Port," Etc.

**SYNOPSIS**

Nancy Nelson is a sub-deb, a gray, irresponsible girl of nineteen, with no care beyond the choice of her costume for her coming-out party. Suddenly, in the market crash, her independent father loses all his money, and his family is faced with the necessity of a simpler manner of living.

At this juncture a letter is received from an eccentric relative in Colorado, who offers the girl a home of what seems to be impossible conditions.

After much consideration Cousin Columbine's offer is accepted, and Nancy and Jack arrive at Pine Ridge. Now Go On With The Story

CHAPTER VI.—Continued

"Sensible man! All this education business is stuff and nonsense unless it fits a boy to earn his living, which nine times out of ten it doesn't do. Look at Matthew Adams. His people scrimped and saved to send him to college. I don't say he got nothing out of it; but here he is back in Pine Ridge running a dirty ranch. Tell me, child, has your father really lost his money?"

"Most of it, I'm afraid. We're renting the city house, and the family will live at Edgemoor for the present."

"Where's Edgemoor?"

"About twenty-five miles from town. It's Mother's old home, but Aunt Judy owns it. She won't let Dad pay a cent of rent."

"Aunt Judy's Aunt Judy?"

"I forgot you didn't know all about us," replied the girl. "Aunt Judy is Mother's younger sister. She lived with me for years, and she took care of us children when we were little."

"And Louise, your father's sister, lives with you too?"

"Yes. She teaches in a very high-grade girls' school."

"High-grade?" echoed Cousin Columbine, plainly mystified.

Nancy laughed, and explained: "That's only slang. Perhaps it's an Eastern variety that hasn't reached Pine Ridge. It means well, Cousin Columbine—country stylish."

"You know, Aunt Louise is clever. She's earned a good salary for years."

"Well, we live for years," admitted the old lady lightly. "High-grade! It's really expressive when you come to analyze it. So you're three families under the same roof. I should think you'd fight like cats and dogs."

"The girl laughed again."

"We don't, honestly. Though Aunt Louise thinks Aunt Judy spoils us."

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and sometimes they scrap about it—that is, as much as you can scrap with Aunt Judy."

"It's plain to see which is the favorite aunt, my dear."

"But you mustn't think we don't appreciate Aunt Louise," spoke up Nancy quickly. "She's a dear, but Aunt Judy understands us better and takes our side. If Aunt Louise had taken her way we'd never in this house have seen Pike's Peak!"

Where eyes crept upward to the snow-capped mountain, and the old lady asked: "Was it worth the journey?"

"It's wonderful! From the train it was the least bit disappointing, perhaps because we were so far away; but here it's marvelous and—and so near!"

"That's only the atmosphere. While you believe it, tourists here in Colorado Springs have been known to start out before breakfast thinking they could walk to the base and get back in an hour! Everything looks nearer than it is—even the stars."

But I like the Peak better from our side, my dear, and I think you will, too. I don't want to take your time. They're certainly taking their time. So you Aunt Louise opposed your coming? Will you explain why?"

Nancy colored a little, something which did not escape the shrewd old eyes.

"She—well, she said Jack was too impulsive. I guess she thought work on a ranch—going round all day with rough men and boys—would spoil his manners."

Cousin Columbine stifled.

"Did she indeed? And what about yours?"

"That's Frank cross-questions were disconcerting; but the girl said honestly: 'She thought I'd be homesick, and I dare say she's right; but as Mother pointed out, things wouldn't be very thrilling at Edgemoor. You see, I've always spent winters in the city; and this year—'

"Well!" prodded the old lady, as she paused.

"I only mean," Nancy hesitated, thinking it would be foolish to be an inhabitant of Pine Ridge, Colorado, "that if Dad hadn't lost his money I'd have made my debut this winter."

"You're young!" cried the old lady, "that's all, anyway," was the brusque reply. "Here come the boys at last. Mark Adam, did you can those horses yourself? You've been gone long enough."

"Not only canned, but picked 'em," he retorted. "Why didn't you let Matt cut 'em, after all?"

"I'll have to tie to on the running board."

"You'd do no such thing! Put on right in here and I'll set my feet on it. There! I'm comfortable as can be. Truth is, I intended asking Matt to cut this lot, but he slipped my wrist when I saw he was in such a hurry to get away from us. Did you boys have a soda at the drug store?"

"Yes, we must have been here some thirty minutes."

"It was only polite for me to give you company a treat, Miss Columbine," explained Matt as he climbed the engine. "What next? Do we head for home?"

"At once; and don't attempt to lead me any farther behind, even if you are the best driver in Pine Ridge. I understand you told Jusinia, Tubbs that you could drive the Pass with one hand and blindfolded into the bargain. I was surprised, Mark Adam, to find you'd added boasting to your sin."

"Mark laughed and answered: 'You know me better, Miss Columbine. That was only for Jusinia's benefit. Since her cousin from Denver won the motorcycle race up the Peak last fall, that girl has put on airs.'"

"She'll be putting on black more likely. If you must have a word to say," snuffed Miss Columbine. "Such races ought to be prohibited by law. We've headed right into the mountains, and now—"

"The party of four was settled before the Springs, and the Territorial Legislature met here in 1862 with nothing but a log room for their House of Representatives."

"Was there any hotel for the men to stay at?" questioned Jack, for when the details of United States history held a lure.

"Only a tavern made of logs, not nearly big enough to accommodate them. Some had to sleep on the floor of the assembly room; and one member brought his family and set up housekeeping in a tent."

"But scarcely you don't remember those days, Cousin Columbine," said Nancy.

"Not hardly," chuckled the old lady. "But my father's time I've heard my father tell about it. One day he came down to a look at a lot of the men, and found a Chief Jusinia squatting before the fireplace trying bacon!"

"How'd they get here if they came

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from a distance?" put in Jack. "On horseback?"

"Most of them, but they came in wagons too, or in old-fashioned overland stage coaches drawn by mules. One member tramped over a hundred miles through the mountains, and arrived with a boot on one foot, brogan on the other, and wearing an old watch hat he'd slept in with the brim half gone."

"What was he supposed to represent?" Mark Adam asked over his shoulder. "A rummage sale?"

"It doesn't matter," replied Miss Columbine briskly, "because he was elected speaker of the House; and those who heard that speech never forgot it. A fine orator was George Crocker; and he came from Massachusetts, I believe. There was something thrilling about the struggle of those old days which you young fellows will never realize. See those tall red cliffs over to the right, Jack? That's the entrance to the Garden of the Gods!"

"In his excitement the boy would have stood up for a better view, but Nancy's bag across his knees prevented him."

"I remember my father bringing me down to horseback when I was a tiny girl," said Cousin Columbine. "I sat astride in front of him and we rode all through the Garden looking for cattle. He was a cowboy then, and Father was so impressed with the rock formation that he considered pre-empting it, and then gave up the idea, thinking the land worthless."

"Imagine owning the Garden of the Gods!" gasped Jack. "It's always gone by that name, I remember."

"It has as long as I remember; but the early settlers called the place Red Rock. No need to encourage a stiff neck, Jack, by trying to see out of the back of your head. We'll all drive down some day and explore the Garden."

"If the West had seemed wonderful from a car window, it was thrice wonderful from Mark Adam's disappointed face. The young Nelsons never to forget that ride. As they wound up the old Indian pass (a good road now, though narrow enough in spots to make a shiver run down Nancy's caten-bred skin), it would have been impossible to forget what they felt."

"A spectacular beauty was new to both of them. Glimpes of rushing water far below—the rocky cliffs and hills—appearing with alarming frequency; and over everything a sky a deep, deep azure such as they had not imagined, was as Nancy wrote the family later, too wonderful for any words of hers."

"There!" exclaimed Cousin Columbine when those impressive cliffs were left behind, "that's over safely. Time was when that pass was really dangerous. It's a boulevard now compared with those days. Thanks for blowing the horn so often, Mark. I know you did it for my benefit, though my nerves were a good deal more nervous. There's Matthew down beside the road. Do you suppose he's had a breakdown? That truck of yours is just a perfect scare."

"There's plenty of life in that old truck yet," defended Mark. "All my faithful brother wants, most likely, is for us to get home so he can have to describe those ex-novo-cumers to Aurora Tubbs. Matt says Aurora takes away his power of speech when she sings quite at him. He says it's no wonder Victor Tubbs went into a decline. Hi, there, Matt! Want us to tow you home?"

The older Adams smiled a negative as they passed; and Nancy said: "Doesn't your brother ever wear a hat?"

"Not that's you'd notice it. Dad says that's all Matt learned in college—going bare-headed."

Mark turned to throw a smile at Nancy and barely escaped colliding with a rock.

"Mind your driving," ordered Miss Columbine.

"Yes, ma'am," replied the youth

with meekness; and turned his head again, this time to wink.

The winter's day had seemed almost balmy to the New Englanders; but as they reached more open country and the shadows of afternoon began to deepen, Nancy was uncomfortably conscious of the changed atmosphere as he better and at last robe. Thus it was a relief when Cousin Columbine announced that they were nearly home.

"Stop after you cross the track, Mark, and let them get a good look at the Peak from this side—our side, I call it. You see, I've lived in the shadow of that mountain since the day I was born, and it seems to belong to me."

Mark nodded, crossed the track, turned sharp to the left and stopped the car, while Nancy uttered a cry of genuine delight. Cousin Columbine had not exaggerated. Pike's Peak was beautiful from here, its snowy crest lifting above a forest of dark pines. Said Jack, after an awed moment: "That's great, isn't it?" And the old lady responded: "I'm glad to see that you appreciate nature, for it's all I have to offer except honesty. This is Pine Ridge, my dears. I dare say it looks provincial to you; but it's home to me!"

Home! Nancy's eyes strayed from the mountain, and with difficulty she suppressed another exclamation—one of dismay. Pine Ridge! Why it was nothing but a straggling, dusty street! Had they travelled two thousand miles in order to spend weeks, months, goodness knows how long, in a spot like that? The grandeur of the mountain was forgotten in that desperate moment. All the girl saw was a row of forlorn frame buildings, their chimneys rising steeply to the height of an imaginary second story, their clapboards bare of paint, their porches sagging.

(To Be Continued)

**THE INEFFICIENT DRIVER**

Is One Who Ignores Common Courtesy Of The Road

It is true, as we all know, that many persons, otherwise polite and considerate, when put at the wheel of an automobile become seized of the obsession that they are lords—or mistresses—of creation, have rights superior to the rights of common people who walk, need have no regard for the ordinary rules of courtesy under the law. It is pity, but such is the fact, and in this fact lies the explanation of many an accident.

There are women who drive in the place assuming that male drivers will accord them right of way under all circumstances; that a motor driven by a woman is naturally shown the courtesies extended a lady in her drawing-room.

There are men who use the public highways as though they were private roads on their country estates. Courtesy? That's for the other fellow. Common sense? A protective device for incompetent drivers, they think. Each of these chaps sets himself up as a king of the highway and let traffic bow!

Some drivers offend in ignorance of the decent conventions of motoring, and good might be accomplished by an official admonition to those receiving their first permits. They should be told to use the horn sparingly—that excessive use is an offence under the law. It should be impressed upon them that all rights in traffic have equal rights, and that the good driver, even possessing right of way, makes due allowance for pedestrians as the weaker party—for cases of pedestrians damaging automobiles are as rare as cases of automobiles breaking up railway locomotives.

It should be made very plain to them that efficiency in driving is motor car should be sought as keenly, and prized as highly, as efficiency in bridge or golf or making plain that the competent driver simply does not have accidents, and does not startle people out of a year's good luck.

Unfortunately it is not only the new drivers who need to be reminded of these things. Many men and women have operated motor vehicles for years and still lack even the most elementary qualifications of efficiency. For them there isn't much hope of change. They go on, with such luck as may be, and we must look for the best. But from the youngsters coming along to the wheel boys and girls motor-conscious from their first years of understanding, something better should be expected.—Ottawa Journal

**World's Third Richest Man**

For the information of gangsters, the fabulously wealthy Maharajah of Kapurthala would like it known that he has brought none of his magnificent collection of family jewels with him coming his visit to the United States. The Indian potentate, who arrived in New York on the Karamnagar, is reportedly the third richest man in the world.

**Disseas germs cannot live in the Antarctic region, which is perhaps the healthiest area on the face of the globe.**

**Completes Most Delicate Operation Known To Medical Science**

A delicate brain operation, doctors believe, will restore Ivan Olsen, 20-year-old accident victim, to normal health.

Performed in the University hospital at Edmonton, the operation involved "scraping" the brain. This removed pressure on the brain and certain degeneration of the tissue. It is one of the most delicate operations known to medical science.

Prior to the operation, young Olsen had been in a semi-conscious condition for three months in the hospital. The youngster suffered head injuries when he was thrown and dragged by a horse.

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THE EMPRESS EXPRESS

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Thursday, July 18th, 1935

Miss Ila Fountain, of Calgary, is a visitor in town, this week.

The members of the Women's Missionary Society, will hold a special work meeting at the home of Mrs. J. Macklin, on Thursday afternoon, July 25, at 8 o'clock.

Louis Lambert, was with the Sheerness ball team Wednesday, and renewed old acquaintanceships.

Dan Winton, was a visitor in town from the U.S. for a few days this week.

Mr. Wylie, who has been located here as relief agent, left on Monday for Edmonton.

Hot weather of the past week has attracted many to the river for bathing activities.

St. Mary's W.A. will hold their monthly meeting at the home of Mrs. John Rowles, on Tuesday, July 23rd, at 2 p.m.

It. J. Nickel and Mr. Long, made visitors to the Calgary stampede, last week.

Mr. and Mrs. F. A. McKee and daughters, arrived back from a holiday vacation on Saturday.

Miss M. Gillies of the Em press Cottage Hospital staff, arrived back this week from a holiday vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. D. McEwen and Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Moore and daughter, Jean, left on Sunday on a trip to the coast.

Miss M. Flock, matron at the hospital, left this week on a holiday vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. Herb McCune and family, from Madison, Sask., were visitors in town this week end, and some of their children are visiting with relatives here.

Harry Hall, former station agent at Empress, who is now C.P.R. freight agent at Medicine Hat, was a visitor to the picnic grounds at the Saskatchewan river, Sunday. He was accompanied by his two daughters, Beatrice and Coral. The hot weather of Sunday drew a large crowd from various parts of the country, to the

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picnic grounds at the Saskatchewan river, to take advantage of the bathing opportunities.

The Empress girls who had been camping at Clark's lake, returned on Wednesday night, the boys left for a week's camping on Thursday.

Wednesday night's storm is reported to have covered a wide area. In town only 14 of an inch of rain fell, but over two inches fell at Hilda, while at Strathmore, C.P.R. tracks were washed out. Bert Yeers, who was returning with a carload of his people from Medicine Hat, had to stay overnight at Hilda on account of the down-pour.

Attention of readers is directed to the advt. of the Winnipeg Grain Exchange contained on centre page. This is a synopsis of the views expressed by leading grain traders to the Wheat Board Committee in connection with the handling of present wheat stocks and wheat production.

Earl Hay, of Aden, was in town last week, peddling strawberries. Mr. Hay has a small irrigation system on his farm, and as a result this year has a fine crop of strawberries on his plants. Would it not pay many farmers who have good areas for their farms for impounding winter snow and rain run off to take advantage of the government's offer of free engineering advice?

Floods Penalize-cont.

sheep and cattle. There was too little forethought in this process. The main idea was to get rid of the bush to make farms or to cut out the best trees for timber.

The result was that a great deal of land was cleared, which, for climatic reasons, should have been left in forest.

The farm land that resulted, was not first class, the hillsides, bereft of their natural covering, slipped away after heavy rain.

Replanting Recommended

In North Auckland the position is so serious that the replanting of de-forested hills is being urged. Meanwhile in Toranaki and parts of the South Island, wealth and safety are being menaced by imported forest animals. The bush clad slopes of Egmont are vital to the rich farming district of Tararaki, for the streams that feed the area radiate from the mountain, and destruction of the bush would change their character. The undergrowth on the mountain is menaced by goats, and one of the Government's economy measures was to withdraw the subsidy for the destruction of these animals, 2000 of which were shot in one year.—C. S. Monitor.



An outstanding achievement of this age is the fairly high standard of personal cleanliness that has been attained. It is somewhat of a shock to learn

that, in the seventeenth century, a princess had to be taught that lice and other vermin were not to be caught and killed in company, and that scratching of one's person was to be limited to what necessity demanded.

There are many good reasons why people should be clean. First of all cleanliness increases personal comfort. Powdered wigs may have been very attractive, but wigs came into use chiefly because of the impossibility of keeping heads free from vermin.

Cleanliness is also important because body odors are offensive to other people. The judicious use of perfume may please many people, but it can never serve to replace the fresh clean smell that comes from the use of plenty of soap and water on the body and underclothing.

Certain kinds of cleanliness play a part in the prevention of disease. To understand this, it is necessary to realize that there are different kinds of dirt. It is the dirt which is contaminated by human or animal secretions which must always be viewed as dangerous.

Disease germs do us no harm as long as they are outside our bodies. It is when they gain entrance to the interior of the body that they get their chance to cause trouble. The mosquito which spreads malaria or yellow fever bites its victim, thus breaking the skin and placing

the germs of the disease inside of the body.

If the surface of the body is kept clean, there is less chance that these germs which cuticle pimples and boils will get through the minute cracks and breaks in the skin which are bound to occur.

Cleanliness of the hands is important for all of us. Hands touch so many things that they become soiled and very often pick up disease germs. These

germs may be carried on the fingers to the mouth or nose, if the person has the bad habit of putting the hands to the face. Soiled hands pass what has soiled them to the food they touch which, when eaten, will, unless it has been cooked, carry the germs into the mouth.

A very practical safeguard is to wash the hands before eating, and to keep unwashed hands away from the face.

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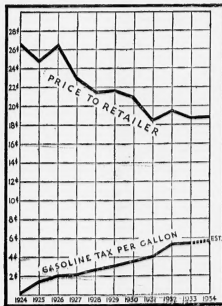
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The Empress Express

YOU BUY ROADS, TOO!



WHEN you buy gasoline, you also buy roads over which to drive your car.

Approximately one-fifth to one-third of the price you pay goes directly to your Provincial Government in road tax.

Twelve years ago there was no gasoline tax. Today the tax ranges from six to eight cents per gallon. And yet the cost of gasoline to you is no more because during those twelve years the price of gasoline has been steadily reduced.

Imperial Oil played a leading part in the developments that made lower prices possible. But lower prices were not achieved at the expense of labor. Imperial Oil employees have always been well paid. They work under ideal conditions. They have sickness and death benefits and pensions plans to protect them and their dependents. Five thousand of them are part owners of the Company. They are given every incentive to work efficiently and happily. The result has been better gasoline at lower and lower prices.

IMPERIAL OIL LIMITED

